

Seafood Pizza and Snozzy Marks

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Summary: Frank finds a stray dog wandering around in a park. So what can they do with it? And what'll happen to it?

Seafood Pizza and Snozzy Marks

>Disclaimer: If you're planning to throw me in jail or sue me, I didn't do it. Yay. I have no affiliations with anyone in here, and company in here, and I don't own the characters, so there. In short, I take no responsibility for anything in here.

>Author's note: Okay, inspiration... I need inspiration... hmm, something's coming to me! Maybe not.
Okay! Just had an idea! I'll write it now, I don't know how it'll turn out, but hey! I just won't send it in if it's bad!!! (30.1.2000) Bad language... there may be a little knowing my foul-mouthed hand. And I think it's turned out relatively okay for a story which I had to force myself to finish!

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>Seafood Pizza and Snozzy Marks
By Nikki Kirk

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>"Bloody hell Frank! What do we do with it?" Rachel pushed the slobbery, smelly German Shepherd's face into the back, frantically winding down the electric window to get rid of the bone breath down her neck.
"I dunno! Take it to the RSPCA?" Frank had a habit of finding stray or injured dogs, and today they'd found this one limping around in a park.

>"Yeah. Your fault if they can't find it a home and kill it." Rachel winced at the thought, then forced herself to concentrate on what the car ahead was doing.
"Yeah, fine. If they don't find a home I might even adopt it!" Frank smiled playfully at his workmate.

>"Well, you'd better not be expecting me to buy the pizza and beer, this dog would probably eat the lot before I could get it into your kitchen!" Rachel shied away from the dog's tongue that was moistening up her inner ear.
"Nah, I'd buy him an extra pizza." Frank laughed as the dog began cleaning his face.

>"Finally you're getting cleaned, even if it is by the dog it's an improvement. Don't forget behind his ears." Rachel told the dog, relieved it didn't seem to like the taste of her foundation.
"Yuck! Back!" Frank pushed the dog's face away, only to get snogged by the great lump of a canine.

>Rachel stopped the car for a red light, then watched in amusement at Frank trying to push the animal away, and the dog going back in for another lick. "I think it likes you. And I think it's gay." Rachel bent down, noted the dog's sex, then looked up again to find a green light.
"Phew! Yuck! Oh, get offa me! Ew! Rach! Help!!!" Frank was losing the battle with the dog.

>"OI! BACK!!!" Rachel roared.
The dog stared at her, shocked, then decided he had better leave his sexual escapades until the bossy human was out of the way. He whimpered quietly, then slunk back onto the back seat, rested his head on the windowsill, then stuck his nose onto the glass and spread doggy "snoozy" marks all over the window. "You're cleaning the car to repay your debt to me later. I can stand the smell of dogs, but I can't stand the drool. Small dogs don't drool, but big dogs.... Ick!" Rachel wrinkled her nose in distaste at the thought of trails of dog slobber all over everything.

>"Yeah, fine. Don't we have car technicians to do that?" Frank asked, then pointed towards a large building, which had the sign "RSPCA" on the front of it.
"Yeah, but they never get off their butts to do anything. If you want something done, do it yourself." Rachel said philosophically.

>The car drew to a halt, and the pair of Senior Detectives from the Sydney Water Police stepped out of the car.
Rachel Goldstein was a tall, slim woman with dark brown hair. She had piercingly blue eyes and a finely sculpted face with high cheekbones. She was in her early 30's, and had been in the force since she was 19 years old. She was feared by all criminals and those that didn't know her, always got her own way, was as stubborn as anything, and had a sarcastic sense of humour which always got the better of the crooks she interrogated. Frank Holloway was a reasonably tall man with scrawny mousy brown hair. He was in his early forties, and had a few wrinkles to prove it. He had cheeky bluey-gray-green eyes, and a wicked sense of humour. He was the easy going one out of the pair, in contrast to Rachel's tough attitude. Together they made a diabolical pair, smart, quick and knowledgeable.

>"Who's gonna take him in?" Frank asked, scratching his head.
"You are." Rachel stood in the sunshine, hands on her hips, staring at him over the top of her sunglasses.

>"I am?" Frank asked, looking at her sideways.
"Yeah." Rachel nodded, then tapped her foot impatiently.

>"Oh." Frank opened the car door.
Immediately the enormous dog was on his feet, pushing at the door with his head. Frank tried to grab him by the collar, missed, then went to grab for it again. The dog pushed on the door hard at that very moment, sending Frank sprawling onto the ground. Rachel took up pursuit. She hurtled after the dog that was running towards the road, gaining on him slightly. He sped up, then Rachel switched to first gear. Her feet were barely touching the ground, and the dog showed no sign of letting up. Then the dog was only two metres away from the road. Rachel attempted a tackle. The attempt worked nicely. She grabbed his collar, knocking him to the ground. The pair rolled, once, twice, then came to rest on the grass, next to the busy road. A car had stopped, and the driver, a middle-aged guy, got out. "You okay?" The guy hurried over, and pulled Rachel to her feet, grabbing the dog firmly by the collar.

>"Yeah... Thanks." She tried to get her breath back, then turned to

see where Frank was, only to find him running up to her side.
"Nice tackle! You sure you shouldn't play rugby?" Frank grinned, taking the dog off the guy and smiling apologetically at both him and Rachel.

>"You're a jerk Holloway." Rachel puffed, then straightened up, glaring at the dog that was licking her feet.
"Thanks mate, I'll take it from here." Frank shook the guy's hand, then smiled as the man drove off and honked the horn.

>"You okay?" Frank attempted to support Rachel by putting his arm around her waist.
"Take it off or I'll break it off." Rachel gritted her teeth, grabbing Frank's hand in a vice-like grip.

>"Ow! Okay, okay, I surrender." Frank muttered, then followed Rachel back towards the building.

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>"Ick!" Rachel snatched her foot away to prevent the big ape of a dog with manners like a rhinoceros with wind from eating her shoes.
"Tasty huh? Maybe I should give 'em a go sometime, eh pup?" Frank smirked at the dog as it went back for another go, then receiving a heel in the chops for the privilege.

>"If you do, you're gonna buy me a whole new wardrobe of expensive clothes." Rachel took shelter behind a magazine stand.
"Excuse me? What have you got there?" A woman appeared behind the white counter in the RSPCA.

>"A stray. Found him roaming the waterfront by the Sydney Opera House. No tag, no nothing except for the collar which looks pretty stuffed." Frank grinned, eyeing up the woman.
"Okay. Do you want to adopt him, or would you like to hand him over to our care? We'll have to make sure we know where you are in case the owner shows up of course..." The woman said briskly, trying hard to ignore the man's roaming eyes.

>"Uh, yeah. Can I hand him over to you? And if you can't find the owner or find him a new home, can I adopt him?" Frank queried, patting the drooling dog on the head.
"Yeah, sure. I'll take him thanks. Just give your details to Sharon, and we'll contact you in a few days to see what's happening." The woman took the dog and let Sharon, an older woman with greying hair, take Frank's details.

>"Detective Frank Holloway, Sydney Water Police Headquarters, phone 4562 9456." Frank said when the woman requested his business details.
"And your home details?"

>"13B Browns Street, Balmain, phone 9354 2945."
"Is it alright if we send around someone to check out the suitability for the dog at your place?" The woman looked up under her eyebrows at Frank.

>"Yeah. Whenever." Frank grinned cheekily at Rachel.
Rachel rolled her eyes in return. "That it?" Frank asked the woman.

>"Yes, thank you sir. We'll give you a call in a few days and let you know how everything's going." Sharon smiled politely and the two Detectives wandered back outside.
"Hi ho, hi ho, it's back to work we go." Rachel sighed, unlocking the car.

>"I reckon. You think he'll be okay?" Frank asked, a wistful look coming across his eyes.
"He'll be fine. Holloway? Get in!" Rachel impatiently commanded from the driver's seat.

>"Huh? Oh, yeah." Frank slid into the passenger's seat and put on his seatbelt.
Rachel looked at him for a few seconds, watching his contemplative mood deepen. "You're hopeless, Holloway." Rachel snorted, started the car, and drove out of the carpark, heading for the Water Police Headquarters.

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"Where've you two been?" Helen asked as the pair walked in...

well, it was more like Rachel walked in dragging Frank behind her.

>"He found a bloody great smelly drooling German Shepherd limping around in a park. So, *naturally*, we had to stop off at the RSPCA." Rachel growled, glaring at Frank who showed no signs of waking from his semi-conscious coma-like state.
"Oh." Helen grinned, knowing Frank's reputation about being a sook when it came to animals.

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"Frank! It's for you!" Rachel yelled down the stairs at her partner a week later, who was busy fixing them both a coffee.

>"Who is it?" Frank yelled back, stirring the coffees with a spoon.
"The *bloody* RSPCA!!! Seems the dog's been *chewing* up metal bars and hasn't found a home yet!" Rachel's voice echoed down to Frank again.

>"Jeez, almost forgot..." Frank said to no one in particular and carefully took the coffees upstairs.
"Rach, here's yours... Detective Frank Holloway speaking." Frank handed Rachel her mug and picked up the phone lying on his wooden desk.

>"He *what*?" Frank's mouth gaped so far open Rachel was tempted to try and fit a netball in there.
"No, no, do not put him to sleep. I'll adopt him." Frank went on, his voice strained.

>"Yes, I'm sure. I need new furniture anyway." Frank grinned sheepishly at his watching partner.
"Yeah. I'll pick him up after work tonight... what time do you close...? Great, I'll be there around seven." Frank hung up the phone and sat staring at his desk for a few moments.

>"I can't believe it. You're going to get a dog." Rachel said slowly, not lifting her gaze from Frank's puzzled face.
"Yah... How weird is that?" Frank said slowly, not shifting his gaze from his desktop.

>"Very." Rachel said, finally getting back to the paperwork she'd kept putting off and putting off.
"What're you doing after work?" Frank asked suddenly.

>"Nothing, why?" Rachel asked looking puzzled.
"You want to come over and help the dog settle in to his new home?" Frank suggested.

>"As long as you're paying for the extra pizza and beer!" Rachel laughed.
"Done." Frank grinned, taking a large slurp of his coffee.

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"You're taking the lead this time, Frank. I spent a fortune trying to get those grass stains out last time." Rachel climbed out of the passenger's side of Frank's car that evening.

>"You don't want to play rugby again? Oh, poor dog'll have hurt feelings!" Frank grinned slyly.
"You're its human, you play rugby with it." Rachel sniffed, leading the way inside.

>"I will!" Frank shoved his nose up, pretending to be insulted.
The pair wandered into the building, vaguely aware of barks, meows and tweets from upstairs. They went to the reception area and waited for a woman to get off the phone. "Can I help you?" the young blonde asked.

>"Yeah, I'm here to pick up a young German Shepherd, no name. I'm Frank Holloway." Frank informed the woman politely.
"Take a seat, he's been waiting for you all day." The woman smiled and disappeared into the corridor.

>Rachel and Frank sat on the red vinyl seats waiting. "I've been thinking about getting a cat." Rachel said suddenly.
"Well why don't we go up and choose one?" Frank suggested.

>"I dunno..." Rachel began.
"Go on." Frank urged her.

>"Okay, after we get the dog." Rachel agreed.
On cue, the woman came in with the dog who immediately went spastic. "He came back! The lady that tackled me came back too! Yay! I'm wanted!" the dog thought and began jumping up and down trying to get to Frank. Frank laughed and went over to take him from the struggling woman. "Hey pup! Hey!" Frank's greetings were smothered by the dog's licks and barks.

>"Ew, gross!" Rachel couldn't bare to look.
"Come on! Come on pup." Frank handed the woman a \$100 bill for the dog and a donation, and dragged the ball of licks, woofs and drool out the door to the car, with Rachel right behind.

>As soon as the pair of them had managed to get the little beast into the car, they headed back to get Rachel's cat. "We're back! Can we go up and look at the cats?" Frank asked the woman.
"Yeah, sure. Up those stairs, and follow the signs." The woman smiled politely and pointed to a stairwell.

>The pair wandered up the stairs through a dark and dingy hallway, following the little cat signs on the walls. They eventually came upon a door near the back of the building, mews and meows sliding around the edge of the partially opened door. "This must be it..." Rachel said, apprehension making her stomach do flip-flops.
"Well? What are you waiting for?" Frank pushed open the door and went in, Rachel followed.

>A large wire door greeted them at the entrance to the cat room, a room that smelled musty from cat urine and disinfectant. Rachel shut the door behind her and opened the new one. The pair silently entered the room. Kittens lay in a basket in one separate cage. Older, fully-grown cats looked at them mournfully from another, larger cage opposite that one. "How am I supposed to choose?" Rachel snapped at Frank in little more than a whisper.
"The first one that you see that you like, and it likes you?" Frank suggested.

>Rachel scowled at him evilly, then turned to look at the older cats. She noticed the door and went in. In seconds she had 10 cats purring and meowing around her ankles. Frank watched with a secretive grin on his face from the doorway. Rachel glared at him. "Whatcha looking at Holloway?" She snapped.
"Nothing...!" Frank shrugged and tried to look innocent.

>Rachel ignored him and set about trying to choose. None of the ones around her feet really made her feel loved, they didn't seem like *her* sort of cat. Just then she spotted a tiny little cat huddling in a corner. She was a longhaired tortoiseshell, but she was so skinny that she looked as though she was in pain. Just then the woman in charge of the cat section came along. "Tragic case, that poor thing. She was in an abusive home. All of her ribs were broken, her skull fractured... it's a miracle she's alive. She won't go near anyone, I'm surprised you've got so close to her." The woman spoke in a slow, saddened voice, watching Rachel move closer to the tiny cat.
Rachel paused and crouched on the ground and shuffled forward in kneeling position to the poor wee cat. The cat looked terrified, but she maintained her ground. Rachel finally stopped next to the tiny thing, and slowly reached out her hand for the cat to sniff it. The cat slowly leaned forward, not taking her eyes off Rachel for a second, and sniffed at the human's skin. Rachel smiled gently and reached up to pat the cat's chest. The cat stayed still as was possible for a live thing, but let her pat her. The cat relaxed a bit after a while, and a few minutes later, the cat was rolling around in her arms, purring loudly. Frank laughed at the spectacle taking place, and soon was joined by the RSPCA woman who looked as if she'd fainted. "I want to be her new Mummy!" Rachel laughed as the cat smooched up to her chin, and headbutted her shoulder.

>"I think that can be arranged!" The RSPCA woman laughed kindly, and went to get a carry cage.

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>"I think they like each other." Frank said with his mouth full of pizza.
"Yeah, I reckon!" Rachel agreed, watching her cat and the oaf of a dog cuddling each other.

>"He's not even interested in his pizza!" Frank exclaimed, pointing to the meatlovers pizza he'd bought especially for the dog.
"She's not interested in her second slice!" Rachel pointed to her cat's dainty little saucer with a piece of seafood pizza on it.

>"So, what're you going to call her?" Frank asked, nodding at the cat.
"Hmm, I dunno. Lucky's kinda unoriginal, don't you think?" Rachel grinned.

>"How about Dame Edna?" Frank suggested.
"Why Dame Edna?" Rachel sniggered.

>"Coz it sounds funny?" Frank said, taking another large bite of Hawaiian pizza.
"Get real Holloway. I know, how's about Colours?" Rachel suggested.

>"Too common."
"Tandy?"

>"Ever heard of a cat named Tandy?"
"No, that's a reason why I should name her that, it's different."

>"Nah."
"Okay, Tina."

>"Tiny?"
"Nah. Megan!" Rachel grinned.

>"Oh, yeah. She suits the name Megan! Megan? Meeegan!" Frank called the cat.
The cat turned around and gave him a filthy look, then went back to cleaning the dog's fur. "And what about the bloody great oaf over there?" Rachel pointed at the German Shepherd lazing around on the floor.

>"Frank Junior." Frank suggested.
"Nah. Jeff." Rachel's mischievous twinkle erupted into her blue eyes.

>"Helen?"
"Hey! Gavin! Or Tommy?"

>"Dame Edna!"
At that Rachel cracked up. A transvestite dog. She imagined him in a frilly dog collar and a pink doggy coat, and then rolled around on the floor laughing. "What?" Frank laughed, watching the dog and the cat turn to look at them as though they were crazy.

>"Nothing. How about Germ?" Rachel suggested, watching the cat going back to cleaning the dog's fur.
"Hmm... Germ's got kind of a ring to it. Germ it is!" Frank laughed.

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"You brought your cat to work?" Frank stared at Rachel as she came into work on Monday morning with Megan on a cat leash looking happy as can be.

>"You brought your dog!" Rachel snapped, watching Germ open one eye to stare at her.
"So, he might be useful!" Frank protested.

>"So might she!" Rachel scowled at Frank so he shut up.
"Hey guys! What the...?" Helen walked in and stopped dead in her tracks when she saw Germ squashing Frank's lap, and Megan quietly sleeping on Rachel's lap.

>"Morning Helen!" the two D's echoed in unison.
"Since when did you two have pets?" Helen scratched her head and leaned on the doorway looking totally confused.

>"Friday." Rachel smiled at her.
"Oh." Helen drifted off.

>"Well?" Rachel prompted her.
"Jeff wanted to know why Frank was barking. I think I've answered that one now." Helen laughed and headed out of the office.

>Rachel looked at Frank and grinned. Frank looked at Rachel and grinned. The two humans looked down at their animals and grinned. The two animals looked up at their humans and did dog and cat grins. Then

all four of them settle down to do some work - Rachel and Frank
solving cases, and the cat and dog catching up on some much-needed
sleep.

>The End!!!

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Well, not bad for a story with no real storyline... Teeheehee!
Any feedback would be welcome! Hint, hint! E-mail me at
sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? Ta!
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End
file.